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POETASTER: K

Jane CONTAINING, Worth

Original Poems,
And SONGS.

Never before Printed.



D U B L I N :

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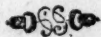
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THE PREFACE.

A Preface is as often an Excuse for Ignorance, as Dedications an arrant Piece of Flattery. My Faults are too many to excuse, and I am so far wanting in the Arts of Adulation, that had I a Patron I should not know how to abuse him: I cannot plead the Importunity of Friends; nor, even, indeed, my own dear Vanity, in behalf of these Trifles; for I don't know, that three Men in the three Kingdoms ever saw 'em; and my own Opinion is so indifferent, that I shall be much more surpriz'd if any one Body likes 'em, than if they are condemn'd by the whole World. They were many of 'em writ at Sea; some in the East, and some in the West-Indies, as a perfect Diversion, and as an honest Man wanted to give Notice where the Best of these Sort of Writings may be had, I thought they might do well enough to tack an Advertisement too. My Book seller has more of 'em, such as they are, I have left 'em intire'y to himself, to do by 'em as he pleases; and as I am secure from all Laughter, by being unknown; so I fear not being found out, like Solomon's Harlots, by seeing my Offspring dissected.





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THE



THE
POETASTER.

Against Ambition.



W A Y, Ambition, with thy gaudy Trains,
Of Pride, Pomp, Luxury, and all those
Ills,

Which wretched Mortals strive with so
much Pains,

To get and lose their Healths, to please
their Wills:

Tormenting Rage when airy Fancy flies,

And paints out Riches, Kingdoms, Monarchies;

The heaving Breast,

Can gain no Rest,

Whilst labouring Thoughts new Mountains raise,

Of airy Honour, airy Praise.

Thus whilst the Beggar swells with empty State,

And the fir'd Soul would in it self be great,

The abject Body feels a wretched Fate,

B

But

BUT O, how foolish are the Pains we take,
 To gain the Trifle that is now in View;
 With how much Guilt the sordid Trash we rake,
 That flies the Embrace as fast as we pursue :
 That scarce posselt the soul again,
 Mounts in a new and higher Strain:
 The so much long'd for Joy has lost its Taste,
 And we, with equal Toil, after new Visions haste;
 'Till in the vain Pursuit we hated fall,
 Unhear'd, unpitied, for one Moment call,
 Resolv'd to Dust, and our first poor Original.

How faint the Pleasures guilty Actions bring!
 How short their Durance, and how sharp their Sting!
 Repeated Ills must gain us Rest;
 New Schemes of Folly fill the Breast:
 For Thought and Recollection, Daggers prove,
 'Tis Death, the Ashes of past Ills to move;
 Yet Conscience, the dread Judge 'twixt Good and Ill,
 Does sometimes ride triumphant o'er the Will:
 Then could we see the vicious Soul,
 Amidst a thousand Tortures roul:
 Behold the dreadful Conflict that's within,
 The just and true Reward of wilful Sin.
 Sure we should die to think what Wretches we have been.

For the Same.

AMBITION, noble, great Desire,
 The purer Part of heavenly Fire,
 Come warm my Breast, and let'em see
 What Man can do, inspir'd by thee:

All Actions ever counted Great,
 Where swiftly done, and struck in Heat;
 I to my self alone wou'd owe,
 The Source from whence my Honours flow;
 Or in the brave Attempt, I'd lose
 A worthless Life, which none wou'd choose,
 To drag in leath'd Misery,
 When one bold Stroke will set him free;
 For once resolv'd, Death soon appears,
 Stript of the Terrors which he wears.

On the Commonalty.

MEN of low Souls in lower Fortunes run,
 Dully content to drudge as they begun;
 No Hopes of future Greatness ever warms,
 Riches and Honour, have with them no Charms;
 The beaten Path which their Forefathers trod,
 Is by the Sons still made the constant Road;
 Inur'd to Toil, they sweating earn their Food,
 Content to live in Pain, and ignorantly Good.

The Wish.

YE gentle Winds, propitious Gales,
 Be kind, and fill our flagging Sails;
 And waft us to the wish'd-for Shore,
 And thou great Power, who dost command
 The Winds, the Skies, the Seas, and Land,
 Whom we with Trembling do adore;

O grant we may our wish'd-for Port obtain;
Free from pyratick Men, and Terrors of the Main.

THE Sea is calm, the Sky is clear,
Our Hopes are bold, nor do we fear;
The Ocean's smooth enticing Face:
The Surges rise and Winds do blow,
And Mountain Waves from nothing grow;
Deceitful Mirrour, fatal Glass!
That Power which late we did with Scorn despise,
We now implore with trembling Hands and Eyes.

VAIN Men, that on your Knowledge do depend,
And make the Sciences your Friend;
Who pride so much your knowing Souls;
You whose long Life can't reach a Part
Of any Science, any Art,
Know that a mighty God your Power controuls;
A God revenging what you laugh at most,
Who made you what you are, and gave you what you boast.

*The Uneasiness of Love : In Imitation of
Shakespear.*

MY Bed, which once, the softest Seat of Rest,
Calm'd all my Thoughts, and smooth'd my trou-
[bled Breast;
Now spight of Toil denies me soft repose,
And props my wearied Eyes forbidding them to close;
Staring at Darknes, yet methinks I see,
A fair soft Image, representing thee;

Which

Which like the Diamond, sends a stronger Light;
 Help'd by the Shades, and Darknes of the Night;
 Thus tirefome Labour takes up all the Day,
 At Night thy beauteous Form steals all my Rest away!
 No wonder then my haggard Looks declare,
 Their inward Motion, and intestine War;
 When the Day Labours with the Night don't cease,
 But rather help to aggravate my Peace;
 Hard Fate when Night and Day together joyn,
 And leave their Enmity to fill up mine:
 I to the Light thy beauteous Image praise,
 At Night the Stars thy soft Idea raise:
 Thus the long Day no Ease my Sorrows find,
 And Darknes helps those Grievs, which it in Peace shou'd
 [find.]

To a very young Lady.

IF in thy Youth such wondrous Wit appears,
 If so much Beauty reigns in fourteen Years,
 If we admire the now but budding Rose,
 What Beauties will the full blown Flower disclose;
 When ripening Time shall mellow every Grace,
 And add new Lustre to thy lovely Face;
 For if that Face does now like Infant Light,
 With rising Beauties hurt the wondring sight;
 Who'll dare to look on thy meridian Height,
 When the collected Rays together meet,
 And what before but warm'd, shall be immoderate Heat?

To Silvia.

In vain will Songs of old from hence declare,
 A Grecian Beauty, or a ten Years War;
 Paris had otherwise bestow'd the Prize,
 Had he beheld the Fire of *Silvia's* Eyes;
 And all the Tales by ancient Bards are told,
 Of Beauties cast in Nature's fairest Mould;
 Had to your Wit and lovely Form given place,
 And they in Silence had admir'd your Face; [Grace.]
 For Words cou'd ne'er have reach'd to paint one single }

On a Retired Life.

THAT Life's unhappy with Content not blest,
 And Heaps of Gold charms not the Miser's Breast;
 Whilst what we do possess no Joy does give,
 For that we cannot reach, we toil and live;
 With eager Steps provoke the weary Chace,
 Whilst a gay Cloud deludes the fond Embrace;
 Ixion-like, we fall by just Decree,
 We court the Dangers which we plainly see,
 And headlong rush away from Ease and Liberty. }

HAPPY are those that shun betimes the Bait,
 The gilded Snares which on all great ones wait;
 Altho' the rising Palace sooths the Soul,
 Our Pains the shining Azure can't controul,

Or add one Moment to the little Span,
 Of Life allotted to that Wretch a Man;
 For whilst we swell amidst new Scenes of Art,
 Corroding Sorrows will command a Part,
 And spite of all our Pomp, severely probe the Heart.

THE low hung Chariot will not ease the Grief,
 For a Child's Loss or send the least Relief;
 The brawny Slaves that careless hang behind,
 But poorly cure the wretched jealous Mind;
 When heaving Throbs the tortur'd Bosom rends,
 Our Gold and Grandeur prove but helpless Friends;
 Stab'd with the Gout or Cholick, then in vain
 For Ease we to the useless Dross complain;
 Doctors and nauseous Drugs devour the ill-got Gain.

O, might I chuse my humble Life to lead,
 Where no barb'd Steeds in pompous Splendour tread;
 Where Pride and Grandeur's utterly unknown,
 And each just Pair's contented with their own;
 Where happy Ease and Sweet Contentment lives,
 And Heaven in Store its quiet Blessings gives;
 Not sour'd with ought that can their Bliss destroy,
 Where Each soft Moment is a Heaven of Joy,
 Heighten'd by just Degrees, and which can never cloy.

THIS my lov'd Fair is all I wish to taste,
 Whilst my fond Arms encircled round thy Waste;
 My ravish'd Eyes on thine for ever dwell,
 And my fond Heart the wondrous Secrets tell;
 Point how the gaudy Flowers catch the Eyes,
 What several Ways the genial Sap does rise;

Shew

Shew how the painted Tulip sweetly blows,
 And whence the Colours of the scented Rose;
 Whilst both in thy fair Face their blended Sweets compose. }

THIS, my dear Girl, would be a pleasing Task,
 And this, ye Powers, is all on Earth I ask;
 From the minutest Thing the Godhead raise,
 And in the smallest Insect read his Praise;
 Whilst round yon azure Vault my Thoughts should stray,
 Where rouling Worlds for ever form their Way;
 Where mighty Orbs in wondrous Circles move,
 And tuneful Spheres join Harmony and Love;
 'Till lost in Wonder on thy lovely Breast,
 My sinking Soul should find its peaceful Rest; [blest.]
 Pleas'd more than Art can please, and beyond Language }

To Delia, complaining of her Cruelty.

A S O N G.

C O Y *Delia*, why must I pursue,
 And yet never hope to obtain,
 In Return for my Passion to you,
 One Look that may flatter my Pain?

O, why was thy Face made so Fair,
 Thy Wit and thy Shape so Genteel?
 Or, why art thou prais'd ev'ry where,
 To add to the Tortures I feel?

BUT.

BUT *Delia's* grown proud of her Face,
 And scorns her poor Swain that adores;
 For she's a consulting her Glass,
 Whilst he her lost Mercy implores.

SOME Shepherd more happy than I,
 Is blest with your kindest Returns;
 Whilst in vain to each Willow I sigh,
 And hopeless my Passion still burns.

Go, beautiful Cruelty, go,
 Tho' you laugh at the Fate of your Swain;
 Too late you repenting may know,
 What you lost by your haughty Disdain.

YET if so much Pity you have,
 As to see me laid low in the Ground;
 Or drop one poor Tear on my Grave,
 'Twill cancel the Cause of my Wound:

To Silvia : In Imitation of Shakespear.

THUS when by Fortune, and by Man disgrac'd;
 Thrown from those dangerous Heights by Folly
 Alone, with furious Cries, I vent my Grief;
 And trouble Heaven in vain for my Relief;
 In vain my wishes not upheld by Fate,
 To beg this Likeness, or that Man's Estate;

Desiring Arts and Sciences from Heaven,
 Already not content with what is given;
 Whilst these uneasy Thoughts roul in my Mind,
 I haply think on thee, and there I find
 Ease; which like Light above the Eastern Hills,
 My Mouth with Songs, my Soul with Rapture fills;
 Straight all corroding Thoughts are forc'd away,
 Thy Sun of Beauty brightens all the Day;
 Dispers the Clouds, and sets each Motion free,
 And Kings not envied when I think on thee.

Writ at the Cape of Good-Hope.

IN vain I visit both the Poles,
 And sail beneath the Sun's hot Beams;
 Or seek the Shore where Ganges rous,
 Into the Sea his wide-mouth'd Streams.

NOT *Africk's* Shores could me affright,
 Where Nature's Walls the Ocean bound;
 Whilst I beheld with strange Delight,
 The liquid Hills and dreadful Sound.

WHICH 'gainst her dismal steep-down Shores,
 The foaming Billows Fury makes;
 Whilst in her Sides old Ocean roars,
 And Nature's hollow Fabrick shakes.



To MYRA.

AFTER long tumbling on my Bed,
 With aching Heart and troubled Head,
 Striving if possible to find
 A Way to drive you from my Mind;
 But still the more I try'd and strove,
 I found my self the more in Love;
 And what was worse, I knew not when,
 Or where to meet with you again;
 To bless my Eyes with that dear Face,
 Where every Beauty, every Grace;
 Where every Form that Art or Nature,
 Can joyn to make a charming Creature;
 In just Proportion sweetly meets,
 And every Eye with Pleasure greets.

YOUR curling Looks on Forehead high,
 Out-rival Jet and Ivory;
 Two charming Brows compose two Arches,
 Where Love in Triumph ever marches;
 And from thence with sure Surprise,
 Kills by the Cannon of your Eyes:
 Your Nose the Knomon to your Face,
 Rises with such a gentle Grace;
 Pygmalion might have scorn'd his Art,
 And form'd from yours that beauteous Part:
 Your lovely Cheeks for ever glow,
 Like Roses mix'd with new-fall'n Snow:

But then your Lips are so inviting,
 We cannot kiss 'em without biting;
 So red, so soft, so plump, and fair,
 They like Bean Blossoms scent the Air;
 Your Mouth so sweetly form'd it seems,
 As Nature made you by Extreame;
 And then the Musick of your Tongue,
 Excells whatever *Syrens* sung:
 Yet if 'tis possible to be,
 Your Chin out-does in Symmetry.

WHAT is't this wondrous Pile supports,
 A Neck where every Grace resorts;
 Not Marble Pillars can appear,
 Half so round, so white, so fair;
 Below just peeping 'bove your Stays,
 Two snowy Breasts their Heads do raise;
 Where wanton amorous *Cupids* play,
 Our Hearts on purpose to betray:
 Beneath your Waste by just Degrees,
 Grown small each gazer's Eyes does please;
 But then below—— Ay, there's the THING,
 Which I must never dare to sing;
 'Tis an unknown enchanted Shore,
 Which none but *Hymen* must explore.



On a Heathen Pagod.

As each peculiar Deity is prais'd,
 And different Altars different ways are rais'd;
 O'er *India's* Sands the wild Contagion reigns,
 Whilst Light and Truth fill *Albion's* happy Plains;
 They without Guides trace out the hidden Way,
 Taught by imperious Priests to tremble and obey;
 Whilst we more happy led by Truth's fair Clue,
 The mystick Power through fairer Opticks view,

To SILVIA.

Ye gentle *Seraphs*, who the Virtuous guard,
 Let my lov'd *Silvia* be your chieftest Ward;
 To you I now commend the charming Fair,
 And leave her to your more peculiar Care;
 Let numerous Angels watch each Step she takes,
 Smooth all her Dreams, and bless her when she wakes;
 Make every gloomy Minute swiftly fly,
 Charm each sad Thought, and cancel every Sigh;
 And if there is a Moment when you find,
 Her Soul to pity my poor Heart inclin'd;
 Then gently, gently, all my Suff'rings move,
 And tell her, that her *Strephon* dies for Love.

To

To the Same.

I OWN, fair Maid, that I deserve the least,
 Of all your Lovers, tho' I love the best;
 My Passion burns as strong and pure as theirs,
 My Heart Love's faithful constant Livery wears;
 Not that the utmost that Mankind can do,
 Will e'er deserve so rich a Gem as you:
 I own I hardly hope, but yet I will,
 Pay you my constant Vows, and love you still;
 With ardent Eyes behold your Beauties grow,
 Admire my Chains, and hug my endless Woe;
 'Till spent with loving, I at last expire,
 Victim to your hard Heart, and Martyr to Desire.

To Myra : In Imitation of Shakespear.

O WAS thy Constancy but like thy Face,
 Thy Dove-like Carriage not too like the Glass;
 True, thou like that, art bright, yet brittle too,
 Softer than Wax, yet like that Wax untrue;
 Like the pale Lilly, with the Damask join'd,
 None falser, or none fairer, can we find;

When

When you your Lips to mine with luscious Kifs,
Have joyn'd, whilst Oaths confirm'd the panting Blifs;
How many soft Love Tales have you then told,
To keep that Love you fear'd was growing cold;
Yet whilst the Blifs was wanton in your Mind,
Your Vows, and Tears, and Oaths, were all but Wind.

To MESSALINA.

YOUR private Malice I with Scorn could see,
But not your gross and publick Raillery;
I that imputed to your want of Sense,
But this was owing to your Impudence;
I always thought your Freedoms did excel,
What should with Modesty and Virtue dwell;
But did not think your daring Front of Brags,
Would thus in Publick such Ill-manners pass;
Go, silly Girl, and learn if learn you can,
The Fire of your own Faults you only fan;
And when you think that I'm your Ridicule,
You, all the while, proclaim your self the Fool;
The World's not blind, tho' you are to your Faults,
And by your Actions scan your nearest Thoughts;
There's not a Maid that fears to be undone,
But does like Fate your tatling Friendship shun;
Your Crimes so many and so gross appear,
That only knowing, you they justly fear
To fall beneath the Lash, and bear an equal Share:

Go

Go then, and if't be possible to learn
 Your Follies, ere they stretch too far Discern;
 Strive by your Silence to commend your Sense,
 Nor lose that Little by a worse Pretence;
 Language in Maids too often does offend,
 When they say little, we the most commend;
 But I'd forgot, you scorn that virtuous Name,
 Resolv'd to quench a curst malicious Flame;
 And feed your Envy, tho' you blast your Fame:
 I could say more, but 'tis not worth my while,
 Your Faults I now will lash, but with a Smile;
 Be easy, nor, with so much Malice strive,
 In others little trifling Faults to dive;
 Let them alone they will not trouble you,
 Unless your Envy finds out something new,
 Below their Scorn, below their Pity grown,
 Nay even below Contempt, your self you've thrown:
 Their Folly to thy own, in that they've been,
 So often in your noisy Presence seen;
 But hence with Care will strive a Path to tread,
 Which shall from you and all your Malice lead:
 Now I'll have done, nor strive to foul my Pen,
 Unless you force me to begin again;
 The Fault on my Side first shall never rest,
 If you can keep your Hatred in your Breast;
 But if I must assume the angry Quill,
 And with keen SATYR force you to be still,
 I in such Colours will your Crimes display,
 That you shall even blush to see the Day;
 But now no more 'till first I this have try'd,
 The Physick's half the Cure that's well apply'd.

TO MYRA;

MUST Gold still conquer, Gold alone subdue,
 And honest Arts not have the Power to move;
 Riches are what the Fair still keep in view,
 You ne'er without, must hope Success in Love:
 Vain Youth, then cease, nor dare thy Thoughts to raise;
 Amongst some rural Maids thy Passion tell;
 Unknown, unthought of is thy humble Praise;
 Grandeur alone does her fair Bosom swell.
 Hard Fate that honest Love no Merit wears;
 And generous Constancy a Fault appears,
 None now must hope Success from Vows and Tears.

TO ORONTES.

To say, from whence the hidden Cause does rise,
 Or how a Passion seizes through the Eyes,
 From whence indifferent Faces shall appear
 To the fond Lover so divinely fair?
 Or how the Soul by Custom is betray'd
 Now to admire and love the once hated Maid.

D

That

That even what we once with Horror view'd,
 Shall be with an immoderate Heat pursu'd?
 Or, why the Fair shall hate, the Lover burn?
 Again the Lover scorn, the Maid's Return?
 The Man admir'd, has neither Wit or Sense,
 And him be hated, where they both commence:
 To Thee, O! this Task is justly due,
 This Task thy Muse can only keep in view;
 Impetuous in pindarick Numbers stray,
 Form a new Path and smooth the unbeaten Way:
 Whilst lowly I, thy wondrous Flights admire,
 Strive to reprint thy Steps and catch thy Fire;
 In humble Songs, Love's little Passions tell,
 And imitate thy great Original.
 Proud thus to copy from so great a Hand,
 And touch those Graces, you so well command.

To PHILLIS.

A S O N G.

TELL me lov'd *Phillis*, tell me why,
 When fainting in your Arms,
 When lost in the dear Extacy,
 And rifling all your Charms,
 Yet you doubting, cry my Dear,
 O! you do not love I fear.

How

How can you Cruel, doubt my Love,
 Or think I'll prove unkind,
 When o'er Love's pleasant Fields I rove
 My *Phillis* still I find;
 Willing to instruct her Boy,
 In the dear soft tingling Joy.

PERHAPS your Knowledge may have shewn,
 How false Mankind can be,
 But I as yet have never known
 The Guilt of Perjury;
 Content with thee alone to live,
 And give thee all that I can give.

If faulty in the pleasing Game,
 Through Ignorance I may prove,
 Yet willing to improve my Flame,
 I'll better learn to love.
 My Lesson I'll each Morn repeat,
 Nay, oft at Noon lest I forget.

To a Lady, playing on a Base-Viol.

IF all that know *Belinda* now admire,
 If all that see her glow with warm Desire,
 Who'll dare to look when different Charms combine,
 And her sweet Voice with artful Sounds shall join?

The double Harmony our Souls must move,
 And charm each trembling Fibre into Love,
 Subdue resistless every Gazer's Heart,
 New-string her *Cupid's* Bow, and sharper point his Dart;
 For who unmov'd can hear the tuneful Strings,
 When to her Base the lov'd *Belinda* sings?

T O S I L V I A.

CAN you not *Silvia*, in my Eyes,
 Read what my Heart would say?
 Or see my Passion by those Sighs,
 Abruptly force their Way?

MY Fear even choaks each distant Sound,
 That should my Torture tell;
 And when I would disclose my Wound,
 My faultring Words rebel.

SURE you must see how much I love,
 Yet play a cruel Part;
 Resolv'd my Constancy to prove,
 And deeply probe my Heart.

TOO strictly Virtuous you appear,
 For Modesty allows;
To dissipate a Lover's Fear,
 If he with Honour vows.

CONFIRM his Choice and bid him live,
To hope for just Returns;
That Time may to his Passion give,
The Joy for which he burns.

To PHILLIS.

A S O N G.

PHILLIS buxom, young and gay,
Thus to her Mother said;
Mamma, how long is it I pray,
That I must live a Maid?

IF, when I see a well-dress'd Beau,
But one poor Look I give,
Your frowning Looks correct me so,
I almost hate to live.

CONSIDER, Mamma, tho' you're old,
I yet am gay and young;
My amorous Blood is far from cold,
And very quick my Tongue.

THEN,

THEN, can you think, my Youth will bear,

Such hard Restraints as those?

Inclin'd to Red, you know my Hair,

And very large my Nose.

THEREFORE beware the Love-sick Fit,

A Husband soon provide,

Lest I should prove, a willing Tit,

And let some Gallantride.

On the Pleasures of a Country Life.

THE winged Fancies of the learned Quill,
Tell of strange Wonders; sweet *Parnassus* Hill,
Castalia's Well, the *Heliconian* Spring,
Star-spangled Valleys, where the Muses sing.

ADMIR'D Tales another Story yields,
Of pleasant Tempe, and th' *Elfsan* Fields:
Yet these are nothing to the Sweet that dwells
In low-built Cottages, and Country Cells.

O! thrice, thrice happy he, who shuns the Cares,
Of City Troubles and of State Affairs!
And serving Cares, tills with his own Team
His own free Land, left by his Friends to him.

O! blest is he, who tir'd with his Affairs,
Far from all Noise, all vain Applause, prepares
To go, and underneath some silent Shade,
Which neither Cares, nor anxious Thoughts invade.

Does

Does for a while himself alone possess;
Changing the Town for rural Happiness.

Who could be so unkind as to perswade
That I should e'er forsake my Country Shade?
Such Joys I needs must love, and should be glad
At those delightful Rivers to be stay'd.

F I N I S.





28/7
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